The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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GOLDENROD.

Midsummer music in the grass,—
The cricket and the grasshopper;
White daisies and red clover pass;
The caterpillar trails her fur
After the languid butterfly;
But green and spring-like is the sod
Where autumn's earliest lamps I spy,—
The tapers of the goldenrod.

This flower is fuller of the sun
Than any our pale north can show;
It has the heart of August won,
And scatters wide the warmth and glow
Kindled at summer's mid-noon blaze,
Where gentians of September bloom
Along October's leaf-strewn ways,
And through November's paths of gloom.

As lavish of its golden light
As sunshine's self, this blossom is;
Its starry chandeliers burn bright
All day; and have you noted this,—
A perfect sun in every flower?
Ten thousand thousand fairy suns,
Raying from new disks hour by hour,
As up the stalk the life flash runs.

Herald of autumn's reign, it sets
Gay bonfires blazing round the fields:
Rich autumn pays in gold his debts
For tenancy that summer yields.

Beauty's slow harvest now comes in:
New promise with fulfilment won;
The heart's vast hope does but begin,
Filled with ripe seeds of sweetness gone.

Because its myriad glimmering plumes
Like a great army's stir and wave;
Because its gold in billows blooms,
The poor man's barren walks to lave;
Because its sun-shaped blossoms show
How souls receive the light of God,
And unto earth give back that glow,—
I thank him for the golden-rod.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

PRESENT SALVATION.

"*On earth and in heaven.*"—LUKE ii. 2.

The Church of Christ in this age is founded neither on pope nor Peter, but on the science of social righteousness. Jesus was no pietist. He had no more formal Puritanic religion than the wild roses in a hedgerow or the larks that sing as sweetly on Sunday as if it were a week-day. He "came eating and drinking." He took his place with the toilers, one with them by a common burden and a common skill. He included all men in his arms. He uttered those oracles of living mercy with which the heart of heaven overflows. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

Such was the religion of Christ. He toiled and suffered to bring all possible goodness and glory, strength, sweetness, and happiness to the life and the world in which man finds himself to-day. He found the workers stifling in slums and hordes. He sought to lead them forth to be the dwellers in industrial paradises. He stood up, not the priest, but the artisan. He went forth, not as bishop or prelate, but as teacher, healer, worker, brother. Those who profited by the old oppressions — the wealthy, the idlers, and the parasites, the man-eaters, the usurers, speculators, and

gamblers, the selfishly respectable, the Jewish hierarchy, the depraved religionists — slew him.

Jesus teaches that we can only see God as we see him in man, that we can only love God as we love him in man. Worship is not to cry, "Lord, Lord," but to help the weak and lift the fallen. Do not spend your breath in asking God to be merciful, — as well pray to the sun to give light. Brotherly service to the man at our elbow brings us face to face and life to life with God. Discipleship to Jesus means two things,— the devotion of one's life to man and the dedication of one's life to the cause of man,—two things; and these two are one.

The kingdom of God or kingdom of heaven is the kingdom of social justice on the earth. In this new social order the relation of men to God is that of sons, to each other that of brothers. The weak are to be protected, not crushed, by the strong: the poor are to be aided, not robbed, by the rich. Trust God as a loving father, and do good to your fellow-men, said Jesus, and the sweet peace of heaven will enter your souls. Do as I do, and you will know that my teaching is divine; for right-doing is the fruit of a true religion.

The heaven of Jesus is here and now, in sweet peace and a fraternal life,—no golden streets, pearly gates, twanging harps, unending songs. His hell is also here and now in the base rule of selfishness and greed.

Jesus sought to destroy the conditions and motives that make evil and restrain good. He strove to establish on the earth a new social order, where an absolute unselfishness might share with each and all the treasures of nature and civilized life. To him the phrase "kingdom of heaven" meant a change of social conditions, bringing happiness, comfort, and well-being to each, and enthroning justice and fraternity in all business relations. Each city and town would then be changed from a camp of transient hucksters and confidence men into a confederation of peaceful, happy homes. His law is not the survival of the fittest, but the fitting of all to survive; and the kingdom which he offers is not some realm remote in the celestial world, but just this common sordid earth on which we are living now made sweet and brotherly. From him

> "We learn that to be saved is only this,
> Salvation from our selfishness."

The life which is being lived to-day is cursed by poverty and want; and it is this life, no other, into which Jesus seeks to bring the full salvation of the fraternal spirit. His kingdom is always "at hand," not dangling from the sky. Live simply, labor honestly, serve the God who speaks in your reason and conscience, defend the weak and the oppressed, and you enter heaven, thus sharing in the universal salvation which is the fruitage of peace and good will on the earth.

The hour has come for the assertion of the religion of Christ, the religion of man, — of all men. Not a church fenced off from the world; not a society intent only on saving their own souls "with fear and trembling"; not a sect commending itself to God, in true sect fashion, by drawing away from man. The religion of Christ is the religion of this world, the religion of the kingdom of heaven here, and that saves here by restoring the land to the people and the people to the land. This divine kingdom of earth, so long prayed for, preached over, and sung about, is the pure cult of brotherhood. It will save all souls by surrounding all with hopeful and wholesome conditions. It demands of us all unwearying service,—of the high to the low, of the rich to the poor, of the cultured to the ignorant. If we are to share in the salvation of Jesus, we must, like him, seek and find that which is lost. Only through saving others are we ourselves delivered from the hell of selfish living. Service to the neighbor is the only true service to God. The true church exists for the neighborhood, not for the sect. Real religion does not set us moping over our souls: its sole test is usefulness to others. When we learn how to distribute wealth as well as we know how to produce it, Eden will reappear in a happy people, without crime, enjoying all that earth, skill, and knowledge can produce. — *E. M. Wheelock.*

Look thoughtfully at the present, look forward to the future, look backward at the past,—at the present with firm and holy resolution, at the past with humble and penitent gratitude, to the future with calm and earnest hope.—*Canon Farrar.*

THE STILL HOUR.

ONE GIFT I ASK.

Through weary days and sleepless nights,
I fast and pray;
And of my listening Lord I ask
The same alway,—
That he will to his child impart
Pureness of heart.

The pure in heart God's face shall see.
And does not this
Include the whole ecstatic scale
Of promised bliss?
Can souls which his dear presence gain
More joy attain?

I need not plead with him to give
Me every grace
That makes the spirit beautiful;
For, if God's face
I am to see, he will bestow
All else, I know.

And so, through days of prayer and fast,
I only try
To win that purity of heart
Which by and by
The wondrous boon will gain for me,
God's face to see.

—*Virginia B. Harrison.*

To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God, to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed,—it is a work for a god.—*Carlyle.*

Love alone makes the heart rise to know the secret of all being. . . . Failing in this knowledge, man may know many things, but nothing truly; for all such knowledge stays with outward shows.—*Henry Jones, M.A.*

The measure of manhood is the degree of skill attained in the art of carrying one's self so as to pour forth upon men all the inspirations of love and hope and to evoke good even from the meanest and wickedest of mankind.—*W. D. Hillis.*

When God sends darkness, let it be dark. 'Tis so vain to think we can light it up with candles, or make it anything but dark. It may be because of the darkness we shall see some new beauty in the stars.—*The Story of William and Lucy Smith.*

The universal reign of love, creating new economics, a new commerce, new politics, a new social life, supplanting greed of gain with passion for service, and mutual competition with mutual helpfulness, unreal as it seems to us, immersed in the struggle and held by the habits and ruled by the ideas of to-day, is yet the destined result and fulfilment of the centuries and ages of divine teaching.—*Philip Moxom.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Second Church Branch, Salem. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass. Reference required with first request.

Latin.

Harkness's Arnold's "First Latin Book"; "Latin Lessons," Leighton; "Latin Grammar," Andrews and Stoddard's; "Latin Composition," Allen; "Latin Composition," Harkness; "Selections from Ovid with English Notes"; "Virgil"; "First Lessons in Greek"; "Greek and English Concordance of the New Testament," Hudson; "Geometry and Trigonometry," Brooks; Davies's "Surveying"; Graham's "Handbook of Standard Phonography"; "New Elementary Algebra," Greenleaf; "Speller and Analyzer," Patterson; Kerl's "Common School English Grammar"; "Normal Union Arithmetic."

Mrs. P. Olsen, Corey Hill, Brookline, Mass., offers the *Outlooks* containing Lyman Abbott's lectures on the Bible.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names

of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

Cheerful Letter Friends,—I wish to thank you all, this way for the reading matter received in the post, as it has been impossible for me to write to you personally. Will you think me selfish if I ask for some good novels? I would like so much for some of E. P. Roe's novels, especially "Miss Lou" or "He fell in love with his Wife," or some good story paper. Reading is my only comfort and pleasure. I always pass it on, so I am not quite as selfish as you may think me. I am requested to kindly ask for Greenleaf's "Elementary Arithmetic," to be sent directly to Ida Worden, Bentonsport, Iowa. She would like some reading good for a young girl fourteen years old. You will be doing her a great kindness if you can spare her anything. Mrs. M. Spellman, Bentonsport, Iowa.

I should be very glad of current numbers of *Harper's Round Table* and either *Puck* or *Judge*, but old ones will do. There are so many asking me for reading matter, since they have learned that I give magazines and books away. I have none to give except those sent me by the Cheerful Letter Club. I always give them all away after we read them. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Nottawa, St. Joe County, Michigan.

Mrs. L. V. Lamb, Kickapoo, Anderson County, Texas, a widow with two children living twenty miles from a railroad, will be very thankful for any reading.

Mrs. Julia Ashley, Deerfield, Mass., asks for "Widow Goldsmith's Daughter" or "Chris and Otho."

Miss Helen A. Jones, South Trenton, New York, will be grateful for "Tempest and Sunshine."

Mrs. Lou M. Freeman, Correctionville, Iowa, asks for November and December *Century*, 1899, also the full year of 1900 and 1901.

Miss L. H. Kirby, Kendal, North Carolina, will be glad of current numbers of any magazine.

I will be so grateful to receive books or periodicals and a few pieces of classical music in medium and easy grades. I live in a small town of no literary privileges, and have two daughters who are just entering young womanhood, fourteen and seventeen years of age. We are fond of reading, but are powerless this year to procure any books, owing to the total failure of wheat from the ravages of the small green fly, besides a drought of two months, which will give us scarcely any corn. I will be glad to have *Review of Reviews* for 1901. Mrs. J. B. Lewis, Tom Bean, Texas.

Mrs. Fannie E. Owens, Carter's Wharf, Virginia, asks for the *Christian Herald* and *Sabbath Reading.*

Misses Jewell and Pearl Moseley and Annie and Alice Owens, good worthy girls, will appreciate any reading that may be sent them. They are new-comers in this county, and of course strangers. Mrs. Kate D. Stafford, Kaufmann, Texas, Box 154.

THE MOTHERS' CLUB.

(*Continued from August number.*)

It is impossible in a brief sketch to do any kind of justice to a character which would need a volume to even begin to describe it. The best that can be done is to tell two or three little anecdotes, which illustrate certain traits. Here is one.

On one occasion a lady of foreign birth, who was planning a philanthropic enterprise, came to the house to consult the husband of my friend, who was a minister, and to ask his advice and assistance. He sent at once for his wife; for it was his custom to rely upon her wisdom and clear practical judgment in all such matters. Many years later, after the death of the husband, this foreigner, writing to his wife, spoke of the impression made upon her by the visit, and her surprise at the high opinion shown, by the husband, of his wife's judgment. "It was," said she, "the first

time I had seen a man who felt a real respect for his wife's judgment; and I have ever since had a higher opinion of women."

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."

She was an illustration of the principle, given in one of Dr. Martineau's sermons, that those who live from great principles best perform small duties. As "genius, like piety, calls nothing common or unclean," so conscience, underlying the daily life, thinks nothing too small to be done with earnestness and finished to perfection. What her constant help was to a busy, overworked minister must be left to the imagination: the wisdom on which he leaned in all important matters; the high ideal always held before him; the purity, single-heartedness, and unworldliness which always, in every one with whom she lived,

"Sought the best and highest,
Which rebuked the low and poor";

and, together with this, the self-effacing devotion, which constantly watched every detail of daily life which could add to comfort and health, prevent fatigue, and save the strength for important work. One little instance occurs to me. She never went out of the house on *Saturday*, lest her husband should be interrupted by callers. On that day she guarded his study door like a dragon. It was one of the few occasions on which she could be stern. "You may see me, but you cannot see him," she would say.

The mechanical work connected with his writing she saved him, as much as possible, copying, revising, and correcting for the press whenever the rapidity of his motions made it possible. It was always an amusing thing to carry one of her fair, exquisitely written copies to the printer. I was once the bearer of one. "Well, I declare!" said the printer, holding up the manuscript and gazing at it as a curiosity. "We don't often get copy like that." I thought he was going to propose to have it framed and preserved for the admiration of coming generations.

On one occasion she had a good deal to do with preparing and arranging a book for the press. The proof-correcting, etc., fell chiefly to her. "We *never* had such proof-correcting," said the official who received the manuscript. And, when the book was published, it surprised no one who knew her that she received a note from the representative of the firm, thanking her for her invariable courtesy and consideration, and saying they "never had a book go through the press with so little trouble."

For many years she was one of the directors of an institution, where her good sense and clear judgment made her much valued. She possessed the rare quality of combining exact economy and business faculty with the power of seeing when petty details should be sacrificed to matters of greater importance. On one occasion the institution was short of funds. How should the managers economize? Some of them proposed that there should be no inmates received free for the present. "No," said she, "that will not do. It is our *charity* work that is the most important, and that makes the community take an interest in us. We must make up this deficiency in some other way."

I recall a droll incident in connection with this institution. She had just concluded her term as visitor for the month, and sat down to make up the monthly record. A new assistant matron had just been engaged, who was not acquainted with the directors, and, seeing the book in the hands of the visitor, snatched it away, saying, "*I* will show you how you ought to make up the records." Turning the pages until she found a record which was a model of clearness and beautiful writing, she said, with the self-important, patronizing air too often the characteristic of petty officials: "There! You do it *exactly like that!*" "It was I who did that," was the answer she received in the usual gentle manner of the speaker.

Another time a question arose as to how an inmate of the institution who had developed scarlet fever should be arranged for. One of the directors said, "Send for a carriage and have her transported to the City Hospital." "No," said she, at once, "that will never do: the next person who takes the carriage would be exposed to scarlet fever." "Why, I never thought of that!" said the first speaker. "We had a servant with scarlet fever at our house, and I just sent for a carriage and had her taken to the hospital."

Now, had this lady been a selfish person, the instance would be hardly worth quoting. She was not. Within a certain range—that is, in her own family and among her friends—she was especially gentle, kindly, unselfish, and thoughtful. But she had never trained herself to think of the rights of those whom she did not see, the sufferings of those with whom she did not come in contact. This was the difference between her and my friend. Had some one she *loved* been exposed to scarlet fever from the thoughtlessness of another person, she would have seen the point at once. But it was invisible to her in this case, because she lived in a narrow circle of thought and feeling.

The woman of whom I write never read a paper at a club in her life nor wrote one. Not that I think there is any great harm in itself in such a performance. If a woman must never leave her home at all, she should give up going to anything in shape of a party, a concert, or a lecture: she must never make a call or go shopping. Any of these employments occupy as much time as reading a paper at a club, and usually more time is spent in them. Presumably, a woman knows when she can or ought to leave her home for an hour or two; and a mother who can neglect her children to go to a club is as much to blame as one, but no more than one, who neglects them to go to a party. Until we make a rule that no mother shall leave her home at all,—even to go to church,—we must allow each one to decide the when, how often, how long, and for what purpose. But I am glad, in this instance, to give a sketch of a mother who did not "begin *and end*" in her nursery, and yet was a far more devoted *mother* than many a one who cares for nothing outside of her own home, and yet thinks no harm of leaving her nursery for an hour or two for many trifling objects.

Her interest in all important causes was earnest and sincere. She carried in her heart the wrongs of all the oppressed and suffering,—the negro, the foreigner, the poor of every land. She was always an ardent believer in free trade. I recall her saying, "How *can* we want to protect ourselves against the poor, hard-working, badly paid toilers of foreign lands?" She had a right to say this because, in every-day life her own interest always came second to the advantage of those with whom she had dealings.

Perhaps some of our readers may like to know how such a woman impressed those who met her face to face. Her beauty was uncommon, her dress simplicity itself, but of such delicate neatness and purity that her clothes seemed like the petals of a flower. She made us think of a sentence in Jean Paul, where he speaks of some one who was so "angelically clean in mind and body that she could have stepped directly into heaven without changing her dress." Dirt never seemed to stick to her. She would arrive from a long railroad journey looking as if she had just freshly come from her own room. On one occasion she had gone to the house of a friend for a day or two (a rare thing for her to do), and her hostess wrote a note to the husband of her visitor, saying, "That angel of Fra Angelico who has come down to live with you arrived looking as if she had just stepped out of a *clean cloud*."

Such are a very few memories of a silent, domestic, self-effacing life,—not of morbid self-abnegation, training to selfishness those with whom she came in contact, but by life and precept constantly holding to them the highest ideal.

L. F. C.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

[From the Boston *Journal* of July 7, 1901.]

The Dowager Empress Frederick, as she is officially known, has held a strange place in the history of the German Empire; for she came into it in the face of the most strenuous opposition from Prince Bismarck.

The trouble began when she married Frederick, Crown Prince of Germany. Bismarck was ruling the throne then, and he was patriotic and old-fashioned. He wanted a good German girl to share the throne, a *Hausfrau* such as the present Empress is,—full of knowledge of pantries and dressmakers, having that devotion to the master, her husband's will, which all good German women have. The English were too educated. The German women bring their family qualifications with them.

Bismarck knew how this eldest daughter, although only seventeen, had listened to state arguments and heard political ques-

tions until she knew too much. He also knew she was far the mental superior of all the women, and many of the men, at the German court. But she and the Crown Prince loved each other; and Bismarck might rule a throne, but not a heart.

It happened just as the Iron Chancellor thought it would.

Immediately upon her arrival at Berlin the Princess Victoria began to take an interest in state affairs, and she annoyed Bismarck terribly by asserting her admiration for Paris. "It is the most beautiful city in the world," she remarked to Bismarck, "and as such it should command our respect. Its works of art are superb."

When the siege of Paris came, the Princess Victoria begged the old Emperor, with tears in her eyes, to spare the city. "Do not, dear sir," said she, "allow that beautiful city to be wrecked. Spare, oh, spare its wonderful pictures, its frescos and its statues!" She even wrote a history of many of the beautiful works of art in the Louvre, and presented it to the Emperor.

So eloquent was she, and so earnest, that he actually hearkened to her; and Paris owes what it preserves to-day from the siege to her intercession. In the "Memoirs of Busch," Bismarck is quoted at this time as taking on terribly. "Such absurd nonsense, to spare a city for such a cause! How ridiculous to sacrifice the honor of a nation!"

Victoria began, promptly on her admission to the royal family of Germany, the raising of a family. As an English girl, she appreciated the needs of a royal house; and she lost no time in gathering a brood around her. But the German physicians were not to her liking, and she decided to call English doctors for herself and her little ones. This went easily with the old Emperor and the Crown Prince, her husband; but it did not go so well with Bismarck.

He hated England and the English, and he swore roundly that the royal family of Germany should never be injured by the treatment of "absurd English physicians." But the Princess Victoria conquered, though it must be confessed that she paid dearly for her victory.

So, at the wide windows of the Schloss Friedrichshof, she lies, or sits, gazing out upon the chimneys that have so large a part of her view. The Schloss, dismal beyond measure, is in the worst style of German architecture. The great rooms are cheerless and chill, having no likeness to the interior of a castle. There is no sign of domestic comfort in the place, though Germany, of all Europe, is supposed to be the home of housewifely order and neatness. And, above all, there is the air of desolation that is over all.

She is often in tears, though her attendants affect not to see it. She is sensitive in the matter. She reads a little. Rarely she tries to paint. A book, "The Imitation of Christ," is always at her hand. Twice a week her youngest daughter, the Princess of Hesse, comes over from Frankfort to spend an afternoon. At rare intervals the German Emperor comes.

Cancer slowly is eating away at her life. Her husband, Frederick the Noble, died of the same disease. She, in her determination, gives way more grudgingly to its inroads. Out of her misery she has said, "I shall not die till I have to: then no one will be sorry, least of all myself." Widow of an emperor, she is dying a death that the meanest might well pray to be spared.

Eldest of the princesses of England and child of a union of love, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa was favored of fortune. Naturally brilliant, she had every advantage that a mighty empire could give. Spoiled, perhaps, she had an iron will at six years old.

In illustration of this the story is told that one day, in a state review at Aldershot, with a cavalcade of officers galloping at the side of the queen's carriage, Princess Victoria dropped her handkerchief out of the window, in order to see generals and marshals scramble to pick it up. The queen saw the movement, signalled to the officers not to touch the bit of lace, stopped the carriage, and ordered the child to get out and pick up the handkerchief. But the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland could not enforce the command; and the carriage drove on, leaving the flimsy lace lying in the dust.

But, as she grew toward cultured womanhood, a strong affection grew up between this mother and daughter; and in

after years the child took on the features of England's queen in marked degree. To-day her likeness might be mistaken for that of the queen-mother.

At eleven years old the Princess Royal of Great Britain met the Crown Prince of Germany. The young Frederick had gone to England to visit in 1851. They proved to be congenial children, and England was not surprised six years later when their engagement was announced. On Jan. 25, 1858, they were married in the chapel of St. James's Palace, London. The wedding was described as remarkable for its display of rich costumes, the nervousness of the German Crown Prince and the almost childlike simplicity of the Princess.

When Bismarck heard and saw her innovations he accused her of being a woman's rights woman, and declared that red revolution was being enthroned at Berlin.

As a result, she was hissed at the capital. Stones were thrown at her carriage. Even when accompanied by the Crown Prince, she was not secure from insult. This treatment from his people, while he knew that they loved him, was a trial to the young prince; but he never faltered, and as long as he lived the princess was sure of his affection. As for her political position, she was troubled. The story is told that in the height of her unpopularity she wrote to John Stuart Mill, the English philosopher and advocate of woman's rights, asking him to pay a visit to the house of the Crown Prince. Mill sent a letter, refusing to come, explaining that such a visit could do no good, but much harm. He said that on his side he would be accused of selling his republicanism for royal smiles, while she would be charged with allowing her philosophy to lower royal dignity.

While the old Emperor Wilhelm lay dying, the Crown Prince was known to have the disease that finally killed him. Bismarck was alive to the opportunity. Under the German law, no heir to the throne can become Emperor if afflicted with an incurable disease. All the court physicians were under the thumb of the Chancellor; and, if he could get them to see the prince, and say "cancer," he knew that he would blight the hopes of the "Englishwoman."

But no one knew this better than the Englishwoman herself. She shut the doors against the German tools of the Chancellor, and sent for Sir Morell Mackenzie, the great English surgeon. Every chance of consultation was refused to the German physicians. A crown was at stake — and the woman won.

Dr. Mackenzie's opinion was that no incurable disease menaced the Crown Prince, and no one assailed his finding. At the death of the elder William the son assumed the throne of his father, and Victoria Louise was Empress of Germany.

But how short her triumph! It was with proud though trembling lip that she was compelled to inform the Chancellor Bismarck that her husband was afflicted with a dreadful disease of the throat, and that the English doctors had told her that he could not possibly live over three months.

"Call German doctors, then, your Majesty," said the old German statesman, brusquely.

The Empress Frederick lifted her head haughtily. "I have told you, Prince," said she, "that all is being done that is possible."

"Nonsense, your Majesty!" roared he, forgetting his etiquette. "English doctors are fools!"

On the throne the Empress took up the study of her husband's malady. In this she showed her remarkable versatility and intellect. Sir Morell Mackenzie, writing of her at this time, said that a physician might have talked with the Empress for an hour and not discovered a break in her knowledge of the disease.

"No wonder," said a commentator, "that when Edward VII. was asked who was the cleverest woman he had ever met, he should answer with so much decision, 'My sister, the Dowager Empress of Germany.'"

The Emperor Frederick lived just three months; and at the end of that time Empress Frederick, as she was now called, packed up her belongings, and with her unmarried daughters left Berlin. But, before she went, she had many a long talk with her son, the young Emperor, and she planted in his mind the seeds of discontent with the old Chancellor.

"He belongs to a previous generation, my son," she is said to have exclaimed, "to a generation of war, to a rude early time: he is not one with us in these days of power and progress."

The young Emperor, who had always immensely admired his mother, listened; and, when Bismarck brought up his radical views against other races and other religions, the Emperor frowned, and it was not long before Bismarck was dismissed from the German court.

Then began the triumph of the Empress Frederick. Though she would not return to Berlin, she often met her son, and more often heard from him. She gave him wise advice, and it was no secret that he consulted with her when in doubt.

Finally, at the solicitation of her mother and urged by popular sentiment, the Empress Frederick advised her son to make peace with Bismarck before the old man died.

"It will make you popular with the south of Germany," she said, "for this is the region in which he displayed his military art."

In spite of his deep loyalty to the blood of his fathers, William has not lost sight of the fact that he is half English; and, though he was inspired by Bismarck with some of his intense dislike for the English, he has kept that in abeyance, and outwardly appears to have some regard for his uncle, the King of England, and his British cousins. Nor could he fail to appreciate the recent visit of King Edward to his mother, which probably is the last time that the brother and sister will ever greet one another; and he accompanied his uncle to his mother's castle. Then, later, when the good Queen Victoria, his grandmother, was dying, William lost no time in hastening to be at her bedside in the last moments, and, as far as possible, to extend his sympathy to his bereaved uncles and aunts.

Time, in his march, never turns backward: crowned heads fall before his keen scythe, kings and empires are changed or blotted out by his touch; but it will be many years before the sweet influence of Victoria I. of England will have been lost to the kingdoms and empires of the Old World, and, when that day does come, there may be less need of ruling families than there is to-day, and the German people may then look back on their Victoria, and see through the magnifying mist of past years that she was a woman who did much for her adopted people, and would have done more, had they only been willing.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[*All contributions to this column should be sent to Miss K. C. Porter, 22 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.*]

I.

Charade.

Found long ago, yet made to-day,
I'm most employed while others sleep,—
What none would like to give away,
Yet no one likes to keep.

II.

Easy Transpositions.

In each of the following sentences the word which is to fill the first blank is to be such that its letters may be rearranged to form a word that will fill the second blank and make sense.

1. You can not cross the —— in a ——.
2. In spite of his —— leg, he was as firm as a ——.
3. After saying a few ——, his enemy handed him a ——.
4. We found the doors of all the —— and cottages ——.
5. The owner of the —— house had a large collection of —— antiquities.
6. The man who was playing the —— uttered a —— as he lifted it upon his shoulder.
7. The —— was obliged to —— the book.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

III.

Anagrammatical Spelling Lesson.

In each of these examples the problem is to arrange the grouped letters so that they will form a word agreeing with the accompanying definition.

1. Chhatteoo—A pain.
2. Baannyssii—An inhabitant of a certain African country.
3. Teellvaai—To mitigate.
4. Maggennte—Obligation.

5. Innottaii—Mode of entrance into a society.

6. Pooiinn—Estimation.

7. Oddcaanenn—Attacked with heavy artillery.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

IV.

Anagrams.

These anagrams are formed of the names of cities, each being preceded by a characteristic description of that city.

1. A philanthropic city. Sob not.
2. An enterprising city. On ! we kry.
3. A river-spanning city. Crost here.
4. A magnificent city. In Shag Town.
5. A seaport city. Let's anchor.
6. A hot city. Boil me.
7. A new city. Up last.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

V.

Geographical Numerical Enigma.

My whole is composed of twelve letters and is an important island in Europe.

My 4, 2, 10, 7, 10, 9, is a mountain in Asia.

My 5, 8, 6, 3, 2, is a river in Italy.

My 9, 4, 12, 1, 11, 3, 7, is a fortified seaport in Africa.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

VI.

Conundrums.

1. Why are pen-makers incited to wrong-doing?

2. What part of the face resembles a schoolmaster?

3. What is the difference between a cow and a broken chair?

Answers to Puzzles in August Number.

1. *A Civic Puzzle.*—"The City of Masts."

2. *Rhymed Transpositions.*—Tinsel—enlist—listen—silent—inlets—linest.

3. *Anagrams.*— 1. George Washington. 2. James Fenimore Cooper. 3. Christopher Columbus. 4. Henry Morton Stanley. 5. Josiah Gilbert Holland.

4. *Charade.*—Mid—ship—unite.

5. *A Poultry Problem.*—12 turkeys, 13 geese, 75 chickens.

NATURAL HISTORY.

GOLDENROD.

Most children know the bright, cheerful yellow flower called the goldenrod which begins to blossom in July, and keeps on flowering until the frosts come. But perhaps you do not all know how many kinds of goldenrod there are, and how interesting you will find it to collect all the different varieties within your reach. Some years since I was passing a few weeks at Kittery, on the coast of Maine. There I met a nice, intelligent boy, twelve or thirteen years of age. He liked very much to go to walk with his elders, and these elders tried to make the walks pleasant by suggesting to him to find and notice the varieties of goldenrod. I think he found eleven or twelve different ones. How should you like to try to see how many kinds you can get this autumn ?

Dr. Gray, in his "Manual of Botany of the Northern United States," describes thirty-seven different species; but there are a great many more, if we add those of the Southern United States, and many more still, if we include the whole world. But you will undoubtedly find many of the thirty-seven wherever you may be, whether at the seaside or at the mountains or on the shores of the great lakes. And you will not find the kinds that love salt marshes among the mountains, nor the kinds that love dry, sandy soil by the brookside. Each species grows in the soil it likes best.

The great seaside goldenrod with its splendid yellow fanlike top, its stout stem, and its firm, smooth, thick, tapering leaves, grows within a very few yards of the beach, where the waves come tumbling in on the sand or pebbles. Not quite so near the water you will perhaps see another kind, and will notice that instead of a spreading top, or panicle, this has a long, narrow, wand-like top; and, if you will look very closely at the stem, you will see that it is covered with fine, close hairs, like down, which makes it look whitish and feel slightly rough as you pass your fingers over it. You will also notice that the lower leaves are more wedge-shaped than the upper, and that they are sparingly toothed. Be careful, when you pick these (or any flowers), to

compare them, to take the whole plant from its very roots, as the species are sometimes distinguished by the leaves which grow at the root. Still another kind near the seashore has a smooth stem, and is very leafy. The heads resemble somewhat the seaside goldenrod, only they are not quite so large. The leaves are sessile,— that is, set close to the stem, without any leaf stalk,— are thick and shining above, and slightly toothed.

You may find the white goldenrod by the roadside in almost any dry soil. This has cream-colored or white wand-like tops; and the leaves are toothed ("serrate" is the botanical term), and taper toward each end. The stem of this is grayish, with soft hairs. Another common kind, by the borders of fields and by the roadside, is tall and stout: the leaves are narrow-pointed, rough, and sharply serrate; and, if you look at them closely, you will see three ribs running from the base of the leaf to its point. The little heads which make the panicle of this kind of goldenrod are very short. There are several kinds which have the ribbed leaves, and which are thus easily distinguished from others which have feather-veined leaves; that is, the little veins spring from the one large rib that runs from end to end of the leaf, through the middle. Another large and handsome kind may be found on the mountain sides or shores of the great lakes. This has a crowded, wand-like top, with thin, rather broad, feather-veined leaves, sharply and projectingly toothed.

On the prairies may be found, among others, one which is smooth and stout, with very long, narrow-pointed leaves, partly clasping the stem at their base, and then bending backward and downward. The heads of this kind are very densely clustered in a not very spreading top. A ribbed kind, to be found on the prairies, has pointed leaves, tapering to both ends with rough margins, and is smooth throughout. Many other kinds are common on rocky banks, both East and West; but the distinguishing points are chiefly these: First, are the leaves ribbed or feather-veined, toothed or entire, clasping or with a leaf-stalk, and what is their shape? Second, are the stem and the whole plant rough or smooth, stout or slender? Third, what is the shape of the flowering part of the plant? That is, is it fanlike and spreading, narrow and wand-like, crowded into a dense bunch or made up, as one of the handsomest is, of a number of wand-like stalks crowded together, and making a cluster as large as a pint bowl?

I hope some of our young readers will endeavor to find as many species of goldenrod as possible. It will give a new interest to their walks, and the comparing of the different kinds will quicken and strengthen their powers of observation. Success to all who undertake this pleasant and useful search.—*H. L. B., in Little Unity.*

A FRIEND OF THE HELPLESS.

One evening in New York a policeman was strolling along one of the upper West Side streets not far from a stone yard. Presently a white bulldog ran toward the policeman, barking as if for aid. The policeman was quite struck with the way in which the dog would give his bark and then bound back into the yard. He decided at last that he would see what the dog was trying to do. He followed him into the yard, and on the ground was a little white bundle. The policeman struck a match, and the little white bundle proved to be a baby. The policeman picked it up, almost afraid that the dog would bite him; but instead he wagged his tail, and gave every evidence of being quite pleased at the policeman's act. The dog trotted along by the side of the policeman until the latter came to the station-house. When the policeman stopped, the dog wagged his tail, and looked up into his face. When the policeman went into the station-house, the dog followed him, seemingly listened to what he said, and, when the door was opened, walked out. Evidently, the little baby was a stranger to the dog. He had found it in this lonely place, and then done what he could to have the baby cared for. The policeman says that this is just a common street dog, probably one of the kind that naughty boys would think it great fun to tease. But this dog was a real hero, and showed himself much more human than the boys who delight to torment him. *Morning Star.*

Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee.—1 *Chron.* xxii. 16.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged — not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,— good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Rebecca Reedy, Olympia, Wash., to Tulare, California.

Mrs. Cornelia J. Davis, Elliott, Ohio, to Rousseau, Ohio.

Mrs. W. F. Aldrich, Waynesville, Virginia, to Mentor, Lake County, Ohio.

Mrs. E. M. Burdge, Home City, Ohio, to Box 14, Delhi, Ohio.

Mrs. M. D. Anderson, Ephesus, North Carolina, is now Mrs. Mary Booch, Gold Hill, North Carolina.

Mrs. Anna L. Wilkie, from 2025 Van Buren Street, Topeka, Kansas, to R. F. D. No. 5.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The address of our treasurer for the summer months is Miss Louise Howe, Little Nahant, Nahant, Mass.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, October 4, at 25 Beacon Street, 10.30 A.M. All interested in this work, whether members or not, are cordially invited.

The editor thanks cordially the friend who sent her the numbers of *The Cheerful Letter*. She would be very glad to receive one or two more copies of November, 1895 and 1896. Address directly Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

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SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

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Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.